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Tom C. Davis, a farmer living near Abilene, Kansas, was with the volunteer troops at Santiago. The first sergeant of his company became very sick, and Davis nursed him back to health, going with him to Montauk Point when the campaign had ended. Now the sergeant is superintendent of a big tea company in New York. He has offered Farmer Davis a fine position and it has been accepted. The incident shows the stamp of men who were called into service during the Spanish war, as well as the comradeship which is born out of army experiences.

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## HER FIRST BALL

By GERTRUDE DONALDSON.

JUST 18, and her first ball! No wonder the girl's cheeks were flushed and her eyes shining with excitement, as she gazed at the reflection of herself in the long mirror, putting the final touches to her exquisite costume, which had been designed with the expensive simplicity suitable to her youthfulness.

Face and figure showed a type of beauty rarely seen; the whiteness of her skin, the radiant bloom of health, the dark lashes veiling the deep blue eyes, the mass of wavy gold-brown hair, the gown of soft white satin draping the slender figure, all combined to make a perfect picture of girlish loveliness.

Her emancipation was at last at hand; she stood on the brink of her plunge into the broad sea of social life; the freedom that she longed for during the last year of expectation, that evening would be hers—Madeleine Montgomery was to make her debut at the country ball.

"My bouquet," she exclaimed, turning to raise a shower of pure white blossoms from the table, and touching their fragrant coolness for one second with her lips.

"It must be Jack," she thought, as she rustled down the stairs and took a seat beside her mother in the brougham; "but I wish I knew for certain from whom it came, for if it wasn't Jack—"

"My dear child, how strong those flowers smell! But I suppose Mr. Merrydew sent them, so you must carry them to-night. He never goes to dances, as a rule, but he told me when he met me at the Hargraves the other day he meant to come to this one, and I expect we know the reason why, eh?"

"I don't think Mr. Merrydew sent the bouquet, mother. If I did I shouldn't wear it. But I am sure it came from some one else."

"Not wear it, Madeleine? How foolish, to be sure. Why, you ought to feel extremely flattered that the man whom half the country is trying to catch should deign to notice you. Let me tell you, Mr. Merrydew's residence is a place that many a girl would give her eyes to see within their vision, and Mr. Merrydew is worth at least \$30,000 a year. Not wear his bouquet? Fiddlesticks! and don't let me hear you talk such nonsense, child."

"It isn't nonsense, mother. I mean what I say. I am not sure that I like Mr. Merrydew, in spite of his thousands a year. He's a man who pays one compliments before he knows one an hour; and, in my humble opinion, he thinks too much of being a 'catch,' as you call it. There's something in the way he looks at one that I don't understand; it hurts one, somehow."

"Hurts you? What can you mean? What an extraordinary girl you are. When I was your age I never had such fancies, and was prepared to accept as a friend anyone whom my parents approved of for me."

"I dare say; but perhaps they never knew a Mr. Merrydew. My father, I am sure, could not have been a man like that."

"Your father was a poor man, but I married him because of his family, which was good."

"I hope because you loved him, too, dear?"

"That goes without saying. But Mr. Merrydew has money as well as position, and, of course, you cannot be blind to the fact that he was struck with your appearance the first time he saw you, a fortnight ago. Now, Madeleine, you have your opportunity; don't be perverse. I've spent money I can ill afford upon your dress to-night; don't let me feel it has been thrown away."

"Jack never looked at me like that."

"Jack! Young Travers is a nice fellow, but he's as poor as a rat. He can't hope to marry for years. He was all very well as a playfellow a year ago; but take my advice, be wise, and forget him. Here we are!"

They had driven under a large gateway, and the carriage stopped before a brilliantly-illuminated door.

A little murmur of admiration greeted Madeleine Montgomery as she entered the ballroom by her mother's side, and she was at once surrounded by a number of would-be partners, all clamoring for a place on her programme, for every one knew she was to be the belle of the ball.

"Ah, if only Jack could have been here," was her vague, unexpressed longing, before the glamour of the dancing and the music swept away remembrance of anything else.

Merrydew claimed her for the first square dance, then begged for a valse to follow it.

He was a tall, rather dissipated looking man of about 40 years of age, and on his handsome face were lines which a more reputable life would not have set there.

But he danced well, and Madeleine appreciated a good partner, though it seemed to her he held her once or twice a trifle more tightly than was necessary. Glancing at her bouquet, he had asked whether she was fond of flowers.

"Very! Did you send me these?" she said, holding them up. For reply he merely bowed, and she laid the floral offering on her mother's lap.

"It is too large to dance with; keep it for me, please." Then she turned away, leaning on a laughing subaltern's arm. At supper Mrs. Montgomery sat opposite her daughter, with Merrydew as her companion. He had evidently taken her in.

About an hour later, when Madeleine was sitting out chatting be-

tween two dances, she suddenly found Merrydew at her side.

"Pardon my interrupting you, but Mrs. Montgomery sent me. May I take you to her?" he said.

Madeleine rose at once, and, taking his arm, with an apology to her partner, she moved away. Merrydew led her towards the garden, where hundreds of fairy lights were scattered about the award, outlining the pathways to many a cozy corner for merry couples, who sat whispering sweet nothings under the moonlit sky.

"Is my mother out here?" asked Madeleine, innocently enough. "Does she want me to go home?"

"To go home? No, the night is early yet. But she told me I might bring you here," he said, as they stopped before a tiny arbor with just enough room for two.

"Where is my mother?" said Madeleine, hesitating to take a seat inside.

"I left her here, but perhaps she thought 'two's company'—you know the rest, and I agree with her. Shall we come in?"

Madeleine's instinct warned her; yet, with the inhibition strongly to refuse, she yielded and sat down.

"Well, what do you think of your first ball? You must feel exceedingly elated. It must be a proud moment in your life."

"I am enjoying myself immensely, for I love dancing. But why elated? I should hardly call it that."

"You must know you're the prettiest girl in the room. Doesn't that give you a feeling of elation? It would most women, I should say."

"That's a compliment, Mr. Merrydew, and I hate them."

"Yes, you say you do. All women profess to hate them, but they appreciate them all the same."

"Pardon me, I don't; they only make me uncomfortable."

"Uncomfortable? How sensitive you must be. Are you sentimental as well as sensitive?"

"I don't know. I hope not. I prefer to be sensitive, if I must take my choice. And I expect it's my sensitiveness that makes me feel cold just now. Perhaps we'd better go indoors again."

"That's too unkind. You're chilly because you keep me at a distance. If I come closer you will be warm enough," and he moved some inches nearer to her. "Now, don't you think you could be a little sentimental for once with me?"

He leaned towards her, taking her fan from her unwilling fingers, and prepared to use it for their joint benefit. It was a glorious night, the gardens looked like enchanted ground, besprinkled with jewels of colored light; above, the blue vault of heaven was over them, shining with bright glittering stars; an ideal spot for love-making. But the words this man had said had only served to bring an ache of remembrance to the girl's inner consciousness. "If only Jack were here," was the cry of her heart, and she turned almost angrily towards her tormentor.

"Don't fan me, please. I told you I felt cold. And I am sure I have not the slightest grain of sentiment in my composition."

"My dear girl, you only want to learn. Let me teach you. I am a professor with a large experience."

"Thank you, Mr. Merrydew, I have congratulated myself many times today on having finished my education. I don't want to learn any more lessons for a long while."

"But you won't mind hearing some interesting facts, I'm sure. Come now, let me tell you that you are beautiful, and that I want to have you all for myself," he said, taking her hand, and the next minute she felt his arm encircling her waist. She tried to rise and draw her hand away, but he only held her the tighter.

"Don't be angry, darling. Won't you listen to what I want to say?"

"No, I will not listen; and take your arm away. How dare you!" she cried, struggling to get free.

The next moment his hand had reached her shoulder and his lips were near her cheek.

"I swear, I'll have one kiss, at any rate," he muttered, close to her ear.

"You shall not! You shall not! Don't touch me!" she cried, despairingly.

A shadow darkened the entrance to the arbor, and Merrydew's clasp relaxed.

Madeleine sprang up.

"Ah, here you are. I'm afraid I've come too late, Miss Montgomery; but have you a dance left, I wonder?"

"O, Jack!" she cried, stepping forward and slipping her hand through his arm, "please take me away."

"Jack, dear," said Madeleine—there was a catch in her voice and she was almost crying as she walked—"what's brought you here to-night?"

"I never thought that I could possibly get away, though I wanted to ever so much. But this morning I had a glorious stroke of luck, and I hope I've made a pot of money. So I rushed home at six o'clock, dressed and took the late express down, to tell you my good news, and to see you on this memorable occasion. I've been looking for you everywhere for the last half hour. Your mother said she didn't know where you were. And what the dickens was that fellow saying to you, I should much like to know?"

"O, never mind him, dear; I'm so glad you've come."

"We mustn't waste a minute. I'm dying for a dance. And something else, too, before we go in." With a discreet glance all round them, under cover of the semi-darkness, he bent and kissed her lips.

"Did you get my flowers, darling?"

"Jack! Then the bouquet was from you, after all."—Chicago Tribune.

## Would You Like to Feel Young Again?

Old people certainly have had feelings that those below fifty hardly understand.

It is discouraging to find that little tasks that once were easy are now very hard.

Many old people are lame, nearly all are weak.

Worst of all is that feeling of languor, of inability to act, of weariness at trifling exertion.

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It is the bum actor who has to tramp.

The only way to keep a sweet tooth from troubling one is to have the stomach filled.

The average person wants the soft pedal brought into play when his faults are being discussed.

The average person finds the keenest pleasure in doing something that is liable to result in punishment.

When a man gets on the down grade the sailing is so easy that it is hard to realize that he is moving.

There is always some one ready to kick the cover off when others try to conceal their sins with the mantle of charity.

If you have a habit of going into a joint several times a day to get a drink, don't forget that people count your visits.

Whenever we pick up a cook book, we marvel at the innocence of the different ingredients which form the merger called mince-meat.

Mothers are asked to remember that boys would rather have a gun or anything "they can break their necks on" than books or poetry.

Dr. Winkler, a lawyer, of Lucerne, Switzerland, has just settled one of the longest lawsuits in the history of any country. It was a boundary dispute which has been going on since 1370.

Two women were seen whispering today. It looked like a secret, and a reporter did the Foxey Quillier act. Result, one woman was telling the other where she could get a half ton of hard coal.

If it is true, as Dr. Stiles, of the agricultural department at Washington, alleges, that lameness is a disease, then a much larger part of the country's population are invalids than has been supposed.

A through train service from Paris to Pekin was arranged some days ago by the directors of the Nord, Ouest and Orleans railway companies of France, and representatives of Belgian, Dutch, German and Austrian railways.

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